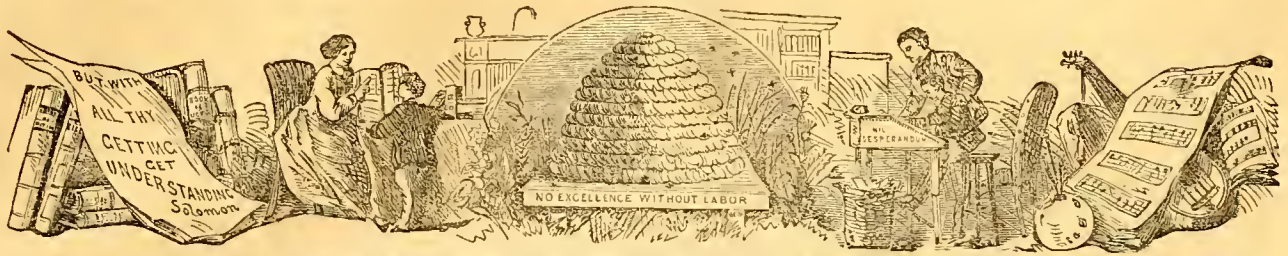


The Juvenile Instructor



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NO. 8.

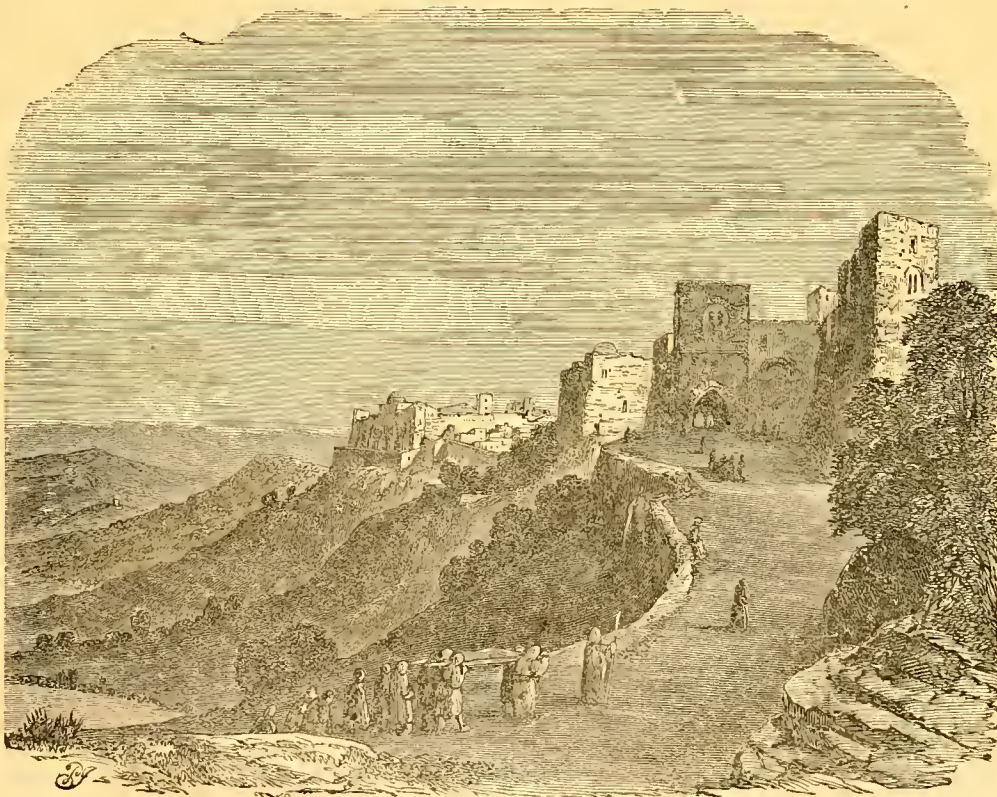
BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM, the birthplace of Jesus, lies about six miles to the south of Jerusalem. It is one of the most ancient cities in the world. Its history commences with the mournful death and burial of Rachel, the wife of Jacob, and the mother of Joseph and Benjamin. Near this city she died and was buried, and her tomb is shown to the passing traveler to this day. It was in this city that Boaz dwelt, and in his fields near by, Ruth gleaned the golden grain and found favor in his eyes. At its gate, where the elders sat, he claimed her as his wife. When her nearest kinsman refused to take her and fulfill the law. Here she became the mother of Obed, whose son Jesse was the father of the fearless and faithful youth, who, at the tender age of seven teen, was anointed by the prophet Samuel to be king of Israel. We speak of David, who during a short absence from this, his native city, slew the giant Goliath of Gath, and, for a time, delivered his countrymen from the thralldom of the Philistines. But some few years after these foes of ancient Israel captured Bethlehem, and David had to flee and hide himself in the caves of the earth.

As interesting as these incidents in the lives of the ancients render Bethlehem, they all give place to that one event which makes its name immortal. Here was born Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world. We explained in our last num-

ber how his birth came to pass in this city and not in Nazareth—it was the city to which Joseph and Mary belonged as the descendants of Boaz and David. Here they came to be taxed. The city was crowded with like visitants; the inns were full, no house room could be hired; Joseph had to find shelter for himself and Mary in a stable. In such a spot “the only begotten Son of God” was born. Some few hundred years afterwards the empress Helena, the mother of the Roman emperor Constantine, claimed to have found this exact stable, and built a

large religious edifice over the spot. This large building is plainly pictured in our engraving, and looks more like a fortress than a church. It is called the Convent and Church of the Nativity, (nativity means birth) and is said to be the oldest Christian edifice in the world. It is about 120 feet long and 110 broad. It is divided into a central nave and two side aisles



by rows of marble columns, said to have belonged to the porches of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem. The building is neglected and falling into ruin, the pavement is broken, and altogether very much out of repair. It is besieged with swarms of noisy dealers in crosses, relics, beads, etc., the carving of such being the principal business of the present inhabitants of Bethlehem, all of whom claim to be Christians and are generally allowed to be a very turbulent set of fellows.

The great objects of attraction in the building are the sacred grottoes underground. An iron door leads to the chapel of the nativity, a low vault hewn in the rock. On one side is a small recess, into the pavement of which is set a silver star, with the following words in Latin inscribed around it: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Sixteen silver lamps suspended around the star are constantly kept burning. The whole vault is overlaid with marble and paintings, gold and silver, silk and embroidery; but very little to remind us that this represents a place once a stable.

Three convents, belonging to the Greeks, Latins and Armenians, join the Church of the Nativity, and altogether form a very imposing pile of buildings.

It was in Bethlehem that the magi from the east came and laid their offerings before the infant Jesus and worshiped; from here also Joseph, warned in a dream, fled with his family to Egypt, whilst the tyrant Herod caused the children of Bethlehem to be put to death, hoping by that means to destroy Him who had been prophesied of as "the king of the Jews." In this cruel massacre many thousand innocent infants were cruelly murdered, many a mother was left childless, and weeping and wailing was heard through all the city. Yet the object was not accomplished, the Savior still lived to fulfill his glorious mission, the redemption of the world and the salvation of mankind. How foolish it is for men to strive to fight against the decrees of God. Jesus indeed became King of the Jews, but not as Herod had feared, while the latter died miserably, with a sea of innocent blood to bear witness against his guilty spirit in the great hereafter. "A murderer hath not eternal life abiding in him."

THE STORY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Selected from Jacob Abbott's Writings.

[CONTINUED.]

THE Americans were in possession at this time of a strongly fortified post about fifty miles up the Hudson River, in the midst of the Highlands at West Point, where the celebrated military academy of the United States now stands. The river at this part of its course flows through a very narrow channel, winding its way, with many sudden curves and turnings, among the wildest scenery, with lofty mountains close to its banks, whose precipitous sides descend to the very margin of the water. In a word, the situation of West Point was such that it commanded what might be considered a mountain pass, and was in some sense the key to the whole interior of the country.

Arnold, after having formed a secret understanding with the British general in command at New York, that he was to be the means of procuring for him some great advantage over the Americans, for which he was afterward to be properly rewarded, contrived, by a great deal of maneuvering, to get himself appointed to the command of this post. His command included West Point, and several other posts connected with it, and depending upon it. His plan was to betray the whole into the hands of the British general. It would, of course, be a great prize to them, for it would enable them to command the whole river. Besides, there was a very large amount of stores and ammunition deposited at West Point, and these would, of course, fall into the hands of the British when the fort was surrendered to them.

The name of the British general who commanded at New York was Sir Henry Clinton.

The English not only had possession of New York itself at this time, but they also held a considerable portion of the country up the river on both sides. Along the northern boundary of the land which they thus held they had guards stationed to prevent people from passing to and fro, and to give notice in case the Americans were approaching. This frontier was called the British lines. In the same manner, the southern border of the land which the Americans held was protected by a guard, and was called the American lines. Between the American and British lines was a tract of country, not very wide, which belonged to neither side. This was called the Neutral Ground.

Of course, in carrying on his correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton in New York, Arnold was obliged to get his letters conveyed in some way or other across both the American and British lines, and also over the Neutral Ground, or else send them down the river. The way he managed to send and receive these letters without suspicion was through a man named Colonel Beverly Robinson.

Robinson had lived before this time in a pleasant country house nearly opposite to West Point, on the eastern side of the river; but when the Revolution broke out he had joined the British, and had gone to New York, and his house had been confiscated. Arnold made this place his head-quarters. It was just across the river from West Point, and it was, moreover, very central and convenient of access to the other places that were under Arnold's command.

Now one way in which Arnold contrived to pass his letters to and fro between himself and Robinson was under pretense that he was negotiating with him in respect to the restoration of his property, which, Robinson contended had been unjustly confiscated.

Another way by which the letters were sometimes passed was by means of a sloop-of-war, which Clinton sent up the river as high as she dared go for this very purpose. The name of this sloop was the Vulture. The Vulture ascended until she came to a narrow place not very far from the entrance to the Highlands, opposite to a point on the eastern bank of the river, called Teller's Point. She remained there some days, and many of the negotiations were carried on through her aid.

The correspondence which Arnold carried on with Sir Henry Clinton through the Vulture and through Robinson was, of course, very brief indeed, and very vague and indefinite in its terms. It would have been exceedingly dangerous to have written a full account of his plan, for all attempts to communicate across the lines were watched very closely, and Arnold knew perfectly well that if he were detected in these plots there would not be any mercy shown him, but that he would immediately be hung.

He would not, therefore, enter at all into details in respect to his plan, but said that Sir Henry Clinton must send one of his officers up the river to confer with him in person. He would appoint a secret place of meeting, he said, and so communicate verbally the precise proposals that he had to make.

The British general acceded to this plan, and appointed a young officer named Major Andre to go up the river to the Vulture, in expectation that Arnold would come and meet him there. It would be an extremely hazardous thing for Andre to land, since, by the laws of war, any officer of an army who goes within the enemy's lines under any pretext whatever, unless he obtains permission beforehand, and is protected by a flag of truce, is always considered a spy, and is always hung.

Andre, however, who was a very ardent and enthusiastic young man, was very ready to go into any danger that it might be necessary to incur in order to accomplish the object. So he set out for the Vulture. He went by land up to Dobbs's Ferry.

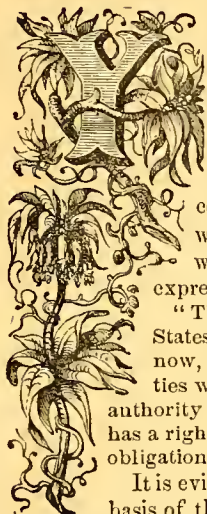
Arnold had obscurely promised that a boat should come down from him to the Vulture that night, and Andre supposed that Arnold himself would come in her, and thus that the interview would take place on board the Vulture.

But this was not Arnold's plan. He left West Point in the evening, and went down the river to the house of a certain Joshua Smith, who was an accomplice of his, or else his *dupe*, it is not certainly known which. It is on the west side of the river, a little below a place called Stony Point, where there is a ferry leading across to Verplanck's Point. Smith's house was not a great way above the place where the Vulture was lying; perhaps about five miles.

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



YOU will see that a very marked difference existed between the views of Joseph and those of John C. Calhoun. The latter was the foremost advocate in the nation of States Rights. As he told Joseph, he looked upon the Federal Government as one of limited and specific powers. According to his theory it could not interfere with, much less coerce, a State. The States were sovereign in their sphere. His views, expressed in a speech in the Senate, were that: "The Constitution is a compact to which the States were parties in their sovereign capacity; now, whenever a contract is entered into by parties which acknowledge no tribunal above their authority to decide in the last resort, each of them has a right to judge for itself the nature, extent, and obligations of the instrument."

It is evident that such a doctrine destroys the very basis of the Federal Constitution; it opens wide the door for disunion, strife and civil war. If these views were correct, then the Constitution was not worth the paper on which it was written; the Union, so much lauded, was only a league of independent States, and each State would retain its entire sovereignty, and would have the right to put its own construction upon the laws of Congress, and to defy the Parent Government. Of course, having these views, Calhoun thought the Federal Government had no right to redress the wrongs endured by the Saints in Missouri. The latter State, according to his doctrine, was independent, and must be left to its own sense of justice and right, to correct any abuses to which the residents within its borders might be subjected. If the governor and the officials of the State chose to trample upon law and lead mobs, to murder, plunder and exterminate a large body of its citizens, as they did in the case of the Latter-day Saints, the Federal Government could not interfere; in fact, there was no remedy for these evils!

According to his doctrine the title of *citizen of the United States* was of no value. The individual was a citizen of the State where he might happen to reside, and could claim no redress from the General Government for wrongs inflicted upon him by a sovereign State, unless, indeed, the latter, itself, chose

to repair them. These being his views he, of course, believed that a State had a full right, whenever it chose to exercise it, to withdraw from the Union, or in other words to dissolve the league. His opinions upon this point were widely adopted by citizens of the Southern States, and South Carolina, his native State, only carried out his doctrine when, in December, 1860, it passed the Ordinance of Secession and rebelled against the General Government. He, himself, died before secession was attempted; but he bequeathed, in the doctrines which he propagated, a legacy of blood and a heritage of woe to his unhappy country.

Joseph's views were the very opposite of Calhoun's. His doctrine was that the Constitution of the United States formed a government, not a league. Each State had expressly parted with so much of its power as to constitute, jointly with the other States a single nation. The States severally did not retain their entire sovereignty, they had surrendered to the Federal Government many of the essential parts of sovereignty. The allegiance of the citizens of each State was due, in the first instance, to the government of the United States; they bore the proud and general title of American citizens, and if any of them were deprived of their rights by the mal-administration of the law, or by mob violence, in the State where they resided, they had the right of appeal to the General Government; and if their cause was just, the Parent Government had the necessary authority to reinstate them in their rights, even if it required the whole power of the Union to do so. To use his own expressive language: "If the General Government has no power to reinstate expelled citizens to their rights, there is a monstrous hypocrite fed and fostered from the hard earnings of the people." Had he been President of the United States he would not, when appealed to, have replied as Martin Van Buren did, "Gentlemen, your cause is just; but I can do nothing for you;" neither would he have said, as did Calhoun, that the case of the Latter-day Saints was one that did "not come under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government." But if a State had acted towards any body of citizens as Missouri did to the Latter-day Saints, he would have exerted the whole power of the Federal Government, if it had been necessary, to restore them to their rights. Mobs would have been broken up, mobbers have been punished, and the citizens of each of the States would have been protected in all their rights as citizens of the United States throughout the broad domain of the Union.

Had his views prevailed with the Chief Executive and Congress when he appealed to them after the Saints were expelled from Missouri, the late terrible civil war might have been averted; for the supremacy of the law and of the General Government would have been vindicated, and Missouri been taught a lesson that would have had a salutary effect on every States Rights man in the Union. But the weakness, vacillation and dishonesty of men in high places prevented this, and what have been the consequences? A frightful war has been fought, the blood of thousands upon thousands has been shed, sorrow and misery have been felt all over the land, and the end is not yet. Truly did Joseph say that if the Latter-day Saints were not restored to all their rights and paid for all their losses, God would come out of his hiding place, and vex this nation with a sore vexation; yea, the consuming wrath of an offended God should smoke through the nation with as much distress and woe as Independence had blazed through with pleasure and delight.

(To be Continued.)

EVERY time you avoid doing wrong you increase your power to do right.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT seemed as though we would never reach the kanyon for which we were aiming. The distance was not very great; and men with plenty of food and drink would have soon traveled it; but we were all weak, as we did not like to eat for fear of increasing our thirst, and we found it difficult to drag ourselves aong through the sand in the bed of the creek. The travel of that morning tested the endurance of all very thoroughly; and the company straggled along in a broken condition. The men on the lead reached the kanyon a long time ahead of those who were behind. After proceeding up the kanyon a little distance they found running water. As soon as they saw it they shouted "Water, Water" at the top of their voices. The cry was caught up by those behind, and was rapturously repeated the whole length of the line. This delightful news infused new life into the drooping frames of the men, and they pushed forward with increased energy. Some of them were so long, however, in reaching the water, that an impression began to prevail among them that they had been deceived. But they reached it at last. Pure, sparkling, cold water was there, gurgling as it ran over the rocks in the channel. Oh, what music to our ears was in the sound! How ravishing the sight! It was not a large stream; but it was sufficient; and a body of water as large as Lake Superior could not have produced more joy or thankfulness. I thought that morning, and many times during that journey, that I would never cease to be thankful for the precious gift of water. Though nearly twenty years have elapsed since then, the impression still remains; I cannot bear now to see water wasted. We rushed eagerly to the stream, and, stretched at full length on the ground, slaked our thirst by copious draughts, taken at such intervals as not to hurt us. What more appropriate name could we think of for this place than "Providence Kanyon?" for the finding of this water had indeed been providential.

During the afternoon two of the men from the company behind, who had overtaken us a day or two before, came into camp in a suffering condition for the want of water. They had left their four comrades behind with the animals, while they pushed ahead with the hope of finding water that they could carry back to them. After eating, they started back with four canteens of water; but at night they returned with the word that they could not find them. The worst fears prevailed among us respecting the fate of these men. Two of Smith's company had been back for a horse, which they had left behind; they could not find it; but they saw, they said, a band of Indians, about twenty-two or twenty three in number, three of whom had rifles. Supposing that these men had told the truth, we were afraid the Indians had laid in ambush and killed the four men as they passed through one of the narrow kanyons which were on their route.

The next morning a call was made for five of our company, and five of Captain Smith's to go back with the two men and search for some traces of the missing ones. We armed ourselves and started afoot, taking with us a canteen of water apiece. We also took a spade with us, hoping that, if mur-

dered, we might, at least, find their bodies, and give them as decent a burial as we could. But, to our great relief, we had not proceeded more than four or five miles from camp when we met the men and their horses alive and well. They had wandered from our trail in search of water, and had found some in a cave eight miles below the place where we had camped in the dry bed of the creek. This had saved their lives. We were so pleased to find them that, when we neared the mouth of the kanyon, we whooped, and some fired off their guns, with the intent of informing the companies that the men were safe. But the companies, recollecting what the two men, who went back for the horse, had told them about seeing Indians, supposed the camp was attacked, and they seized their guns and took such measures for defense as suggested themselves to them in the excitement. Fortunately, they were able to distinguish who we were before they fired upon us; but it was a lesson to me not to do the like again. We ought to have known that our firing and whooping would only create alarm.

The day's travel after leaving Providence Kanyon was very fatiguing to the animals and men. We traveled up and down hill all day, yet we did not seem to make much headway in a straight direction; for, to avoid climbing the hills which were steep and high, we frequently had to make considerable of a circuit. We met with no water through the day, and when night approached we saw a creek in a kanyon a long distance off. After searching awhile we found a place where we could descend to the water; but we camped on the high land. An examination revealed to us the startling fact that we had been traveling all day, over a most fatiguing road, to gain three miles! We were only about three miles farther up Providence Kanyon than we were the day before! When this became known the most of the company felt low spirited. And no wonder they did; for, after our recent experience, it seemed that, unless there was a change in our mode of travel we must inevitably perish in the midst of this wilderness. Since we left the regular Trail we had been wandering about in these kanyons, mountains and deserts for eleven days. Our progress in the direction of California had been very slow. But we had excellent appetites. Our provisions were disappearing, our clothes wearing out, and our animals would soon be too thin to afford much sustenance, if we had to kill them.

Our precarious condition aroused Gen. C. C. Rich. The time had come for him to speak and act. He had been led to travel with the company to save us from just such a fate as then threatened us. Up to this time he had not taken a very active part in the guidance of the company. Captain Smith's opinion had been taken in preference to his. But this evening he told the company that he was not going to be led around in this manner any longer. If there was not an alteration in our mode of travel, we should all perish in the mountains. He was determined now to have his way, or he would go back to the wagons as quickly as he could. We were relieved by his remarks. They made us feel glad; for we knew that he, not Captain Smith, had the right to lead us, and that if we should be saved from our perilous circumstances, it would be through him. It seemed as though the Lord had permitted us to wander about on that 11th day of November, without making any progress, to arouse every one to a sense of the peril we were in, that he whose right it was to lead us might be justified in the eyes of all in dictating our future movements.

(To be Continued.)

ERRATUM.—In the beginning of the extract, from the reply of Joseph Smith to John C. Calhoun, in the Biography of Joseph Smith in the last number, it reads, "some two or three hundred dollars' worth of land;" it ought to read, some two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of land.

WATERSPOUTS.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE engraving which we give herewith differs from that which appeared in the last number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR; but our little readers will readily perceive that it represents a waterspout. It illustrates better than the other engraving did the trumpet form of the spout, also the rising of the surface of the sea to unite with that which descends from the cloud. There have been various causes assigned for these formations, the general impression is that they are intimately connected with electricity, though even this is denied. The fact is, no one has yet been able to explain the cause which produces them. Lightning, like that which is seen in the engraving, frequently accompanies them.

Many people have had great fear about waterspouts; it has been said that when they break a body of water descends large enough to sink a ship. But this does not appear to be the case, as the water, where it is broken from the ascending column, descends in heavy rain. There is danger, however, to vessels if they have too much sail on. Small vessels may be upset, and large ships have their masts taken out of them.

In the deserts of Africa, moving pillars of sand are frequently seen. They are produced on the land by the same cause that produces waterspouts at sea. Bruce describes some of these curious formations which he saw in Nubia. He and his party had left Assa Nagga in the early part of the day, their course being due north. After traveling in that direction twenty-one miles they came to Waady el Halboub and alighted among the acacia trees there. While there he says:

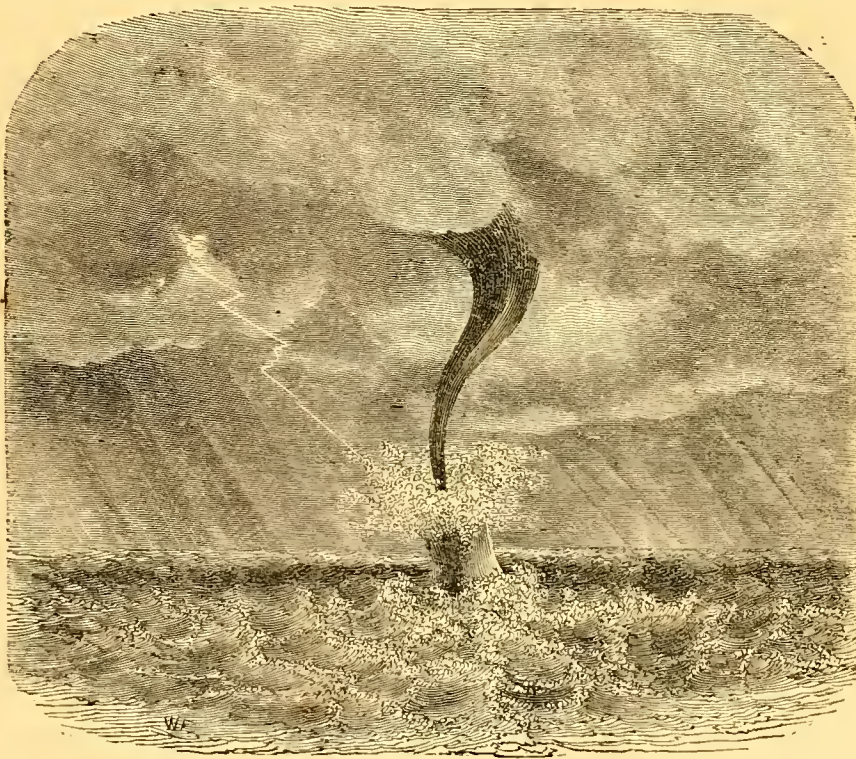
"We were here at once surprised and terrified, by truly one of the most magnificent sights in the world. In that vast expanse of desert, from west to north west of us, we saw a large number of pillars of sand at different distances, at times moving with great celerity, at others stalking on with a majestic slowness; at intervals we thought they were coming in a very few minutes to overwhelm us; and small quantities of sand did actually more than once reach us. Again they would retreat, so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds. Then the tops often separated from the bodies; and these once disjoined, dispersed in the air, and did not appear more. Sometimes they were broken near the middle, as if struck with a large cannon shot. About noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at the north. Eleven of them ranged

alongside of us, about the distance of three miles. The greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me, at that distance, as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression upon my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient in it was fear, and a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of flying: the swiftest horse or fastest sailing ship, would have been of no use to have carried us out of danger."

It is frequently the case that whirlwinds are formed by burning large quantities of timber and brushwood for the purpose of clearing land. If these were on the water, they would be waterspouts; for whirlwinds have been seen to cross rivers, and when they passed over the water they became waterspouts. We read of an instance of this kind at Stockbridge, in the State of Massachusetts. The season, for a number of weeks previous, had been remarkably dry, and in various places much mischief had been done by fires, which were kindled in the woods. These fires were spreading, and a man who owned a field, in which there was a large quantity of timber and brush-

wood lying in rows and heaps for burning, concluded, as the fire was near his border, to set fire to the whole of it together. It was very dry, and he sent some men all around the field to kindle it all at once.

The weather was serene at the time; but, as soon as the fire became general throughout the field a whirlwind formed in the midst of the flames. The appearance was said to be sublime and awful. The flames collected from every side into a large column, broad at the bottom, but suddenly tapering to a much smaller size, and it stood erect in the field to



the height of 150 or 200 feet. It was a pillar of living and most vivid flame, and it whirled round with most astonishing velocity. From its top proceeded a spire of black smoke, which waved gracefully in the air. This was so high that it was beyond the reach of the eye, and it whirled round like the column of flame. While it lasted, the pillar of fire moved slowly and majestically round the field. Generally the air was entirely free from both fire and smoke, except what was collected in the column. The force of the whirlwind was so great, that young trees of six or eight inches in diameter which were lying on the ground, were taken up by it, and carried to the height of forty or fifty feet.

Another of these whirlwinds moved up the side of a hill on a still day and prostrated trees in its course. The noise which accompany whirlwinds of this kind is very loud—louder than almost any thunder. Being much longer continued than thunder it is heard at a much greater distance.

When our little readers see whirlwinds in the future, for they are quite common in some parts of our Territory, they will have some idea of what a waterspout is like.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Chemistry of Common Things.

A S H E S .

[CONTINUED.]

THE elements of substances are not destroyed by burning them; it is merely an alteration of structure. Bake a piece of wood in a close vessel, all the fluid particles pass off and a black mass remains which is carbon (charcoal) containing a little mineral matter; burn this carbon in the open air that also passes off as an invisible gas (carbonic acid.) But the fluids which pass off, added to the weight of the carbon, are equal to the weight of the wood; and the carbonic acid which passes off, added to the weight of the ashes which remain, is exactly the weight of the carbon, plus (added to) the oxygen consumed. The quantity and quality of the ashes depend upon the nature of the substance burned, the ashes of wheat are very different to those of wheat straw, the first are rich in phosphates, the last are rich in silica (flint.)

If we were to burn a diamond, a substance which is pure carbon, (charcoal) there would be *no ashes*; to do this the diamond would have to be made red-hot, when, if thrown into a jar of oxygen, it would be entirely consumed. It is in this way that the diamond is proved to be precisely the same substance that the carbon of the wood is; but, oh, how different in appearance! The hard, brilliant, and valuable gem which is so much courted and admired is only a form of carbon—*crystalized* carbon. But, wood ashes generally contain a great many of the necessary elements of fertility, because they assist in dissolving, preparing, and assimilating the food of plants, the same as salt and a few mineral substances are necessary to animals in the same processes.

All organic substances when burned leave ashes. Bones leave white ashes (phosphates of lime) which are useful in fertilizing;—wool, hair, flesh, in fact every kind of animal matter, leave ashes which are valuable as manures.

The ancients appear to have understood the reduction of even the precious metals into ashes by burning. This we cannot do, except by chemical processes, with which, perhaps, they were better acquainted. We read that the "molten calf" made by Aaron was "reduced to a powder" after being "burnt in the fire." No doubt Moses, who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" may have been instructed in the reduction of metals by their artificers who were very skillful in metallurgy and chemistry. For, although the Egyptians were ignorant of the knowledge of the true God, they were a highly civilized people, so far as a knowledge of the arts and sciences are concerned.

In this respect they did not differ greatly from the refined nations of our own day, with this exception they would not have tolerated the gross immorality, obscenity and wickedness of our times.

As to the baser metals, they are easily reduced to an earthy condition resembling ashes. The young student may try the experiment by burning some lead in an iron spoon; after a time it will be reduced to a powder, which is an oxide of lead; that is, the oxygen of the air is united to the lead. Litharge is

formed in a similar way. Tin, iron, copper, all the baser metals may be thus reduced, but these powders are called "earths" or metallic oxides. Some of the metals have a great tendency to burn up and form ashes of this kind. We have alluded to potassium, which is so greedy for oxygen that it takes fire in water. There is magnesium, also, the base of the sulphate of magnesia, which will burn with a beautiful light so that photographers can use it for taking likenesses at night. There are also many other metals which are capable of being reduced to ashes, but they are not found in the products of the combination of land or marine (sea) plants or in ashes of animals, which generally contain potassium, sodium, magnesium, and iron in union with oxygen, carbon, or chlor ne.

BETH.

(To be Continued)

For the Juvenile Instructor.

A GHOST STORY.

MY grandfather, when a young man, lived in the Isle of Man. The Manx people generally at that time were very superstitious—and are yet to a great extent, though perhaps not so much so—and so credulous as to believe all sorts of stories about ghosts, hobgoblins, fairies, etc. So much so that the most unreasonable stories of anything of this kind would find ready credence with them. About the time of which I write a house situated in the country, a short distance from the town of Peel, where my grandfather lived, was said to be haunted, and many frightful stories were told of the freaks of the ghost that infested it. Many of the people were so frightened that they dared not venture near the house, while those who had the courage to visit it always returned with new and frightful stories of what they had there seen and heard. My grandfather, urged by a feeling of curiosity, went to this house, one evening; accompanied by a friend, named Thomas Gawn, for the purpose of watching for the ghost. They remained till a late hour of the night, but saw nothing of the ghost, and disappointed, were returning home, when my grandfather, ever ready for a joke, hit upon the following: "Gawn," said he, "what say you to shutting your eyes, getting upon my back, and letting me carry you a short distance: then you can tell the folks when you get home that you were taken up and carried such a distance without seeing what carried you." Gawn readily assented, and shutting his eyes, got upon his back. He carried him a short distance to where there was a slough or mud hole, and then with all his force threw him into it. Gawn saw the joke and appreciated it; and came out completely covered in mud and water. On reaching home he told his story—but not the joke—and the people listened to him with eagerness and readily believed all he said, his wet and muddy clothes proving an additional evidence to them of the truth of what he told them.

In like manner many ghost stories have originated. We should not be too ready to believe in the existence of such things, much less to fear them. I have known children to go to bed at night trembling with fear, lest they should see something, or screaming with affright at some fancied apparition, after listening to or reading some ghost story. Even admitting the existence of such things, there is no reason why we should fear them. If we always take a course to secure the blessing and favor of God by keeping His commandments, He will give us His spirit to resist everything that is evil.

G. C. L.

ALWAYS get up when you first wake in the morning. One hour of that time is worth two of night.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Little Willie.

LITTLE WILLIE GROWN TO MANHOOD.

CHAPTER IX.

WILLIE was now eighteen years old. The President of the B— conference felt impressed to give him a mission, and send him out to preach the gospel in the north of England. But when he thought of Willie's mother, and considered that she was a widow, left with a large family, he hesitated, and finally concluded to speak to her upon the subject. He asked her if she would be willing for her son to be sent on a mission, and stated that he had been impressed to call upon him to go and preach the gospel. When this question was asked, her eyes filled with tears at the thought of parting from Willie, and though her voice grew tremulous, her answer was positive: "If the Lord wants him I am willing that he should go."

Willie was called, and the time appointed for him to start out on this mission. He had saved a little money, out of which he purchased his mother a new dress, and himself an entire suit of new clothes. A little money still remained in the purse. Now Willie thought: "what shall I do with this. Shall I take it with me? No; that will never do: for the elders are required to go out and preach the gospel without purse or scrip, and the Lord being my helper, I will do so too." The purse and money were placed in a drawer kept for his private use.

Saturday, the 26th day of April, was the time appointed for Willie to leave his home and friends. All preparations having been completed he took his port manteau in hand. A scene which he had long dreaded was now before him. His mother and sisters were in tears. They gathered around him weeping bitterly. This was more than Willie could bear. He bade them good bye, turned round hastily, and started off with a quick step, whispering to himself a heartfelt prayer that God would bless his dear and noble hearted mother, and all the loved ones at home. They watched him until he was lost in the distance, and still they gazed in the direction that he had gone, breathing prayers and blessings on his path.

Willie was now alone, walking silently along the foot path meditating upon the scene that had just past. He was well dressed: wore a suit of black broad cloth, but in his pockets there was neither purse nor scrip, not even a penny. He had left all behind him, his mother, brothers, sisters and the little money that he had saved and he had left all for the gospel's sake. The peace of God was in his heart. He felt that angels were his guardians, and that heaven smiled approvingly upon his course.

In the evening he arrived at Horsforth where there was a small branch. Elder H. presided over this branch, who, in connection with his family, gave Willie a very hearty welcome. The evening was spent in very comfortable and interesting conversation.

Sunday morning Elder H. accompanied him to the railroad station, purchased him a ticket for Harrowgate and bade him God's speed. Willie took his seat. The train moved on and they parted.

About a mile from the Harrowgate station Willie met with three Saints. All resided under one roof. They gave him a cordial welcome. Here he had expected to meet Elder J. who

had had considerable experience in traveling, with whom he had hoped to travel until he became acquainted with his new labors. But circumstances prevented Elder J. from coming to his assistance. This was a great disappointment to Willie. He felt that he needed some experienced elder to lean upon. There was a wide field of labor before him, and new ground to break up.

With a realizing sense of the importance of his mission, and of the many difficulties that beset his path, he very timidly and prayerfully entered upon his labors, feeling, that although he had the prejudices, ignorance and superstition of a world to contend with, God would ever be his friend.

WM. W. B.

(To be Continued.)

LITTLE NELLIE'S RED NOSE.

NELLIE Muller was a bright, quick little body, of about eight years old, but in spite of her many good qualities, she was often in disgrace for being careless and inconsiderate. Her mother required that the nursery where the children breakfasted should be kept clean and neat, and many a punishment was inflicted upon Nellie for staining the carpet, or spoiling the clean table-cloth. A more thoughtless little sprite never lived, and neither reproof nor whipping seemed to make any impression upon her. Her excuse, like some other children I have known, was always, "O, I forgot!" or "I never thought!" The nursery walls were literally covered with the prints of her greasy fingers. The table-cloth near her seat was daubed with spots both small and great. Her little books were torn and dirty: and as for her dresses, a new one was so stained and ragged, that her father declared she ought to wear nothing but sheet iron.

Last spring, the nursery was newly papered and carpeted, and the mother, calling her children together, said: "Now listen, all of you, to what I say. Whoever gets the first three spots on the new carpet, will receive a mark that will not soon be forgotten. Do you hear, Helen?" Nellie looked very grave, for her mother never called her *Helen* except when she was very much in earnest. So she replied "Yes, dear mamma, I will certainly be very careful." But, alas! alas! before the week had passed, three large, dark spots were visible in the pretty green carpet. Mrs. Muller questioned her children very closely, and found that Nellie, as usual, was the culprit. She did not scold the little girl, but only said, very quietly, "You remember what I told you!" The next morning, when the children met in the nursery, a shout of laughter arose at which Nellie looked astonished. "What is the matter?" she cried, "I don't see anything to laugh at!"

"Look in the glass! look in the glass!" was all they could say for laughter. Nellie looked, and started back frightened, for on the end of her nose was a spot red as sealing-wax, and rub as hard as she would it could not be removed. She cried bitterly, and her mother said: "The spots on the carpet look quite as badly as that on your nose. One is as great a blemish as the other. You must keep your nose red for three days, as a lesson and punishment to you. You cannot get it off yourself, for it is painted in oil-colors!"

Nellie was much ashamed, and cried until she was quite tired. At the end of the three days the spot disappeared from her nose, but the effect produced by it was lasting. She learned to be a careful and orderly child, and if at times she grew negligent, her mother had only to say warningly, "Remember your red nose!"—*Selected.*

Selected Poetry.

THE LOST CHILD.

A child was lost, and in his home
All hearts were filled with grief;
And gentle words of loving friends
Could give but faint relief.

The mother saw her little one
Alone amid the wild,
Where every danger seemed to close
Around her darling child.

What lurking foe—what savage beast
Might prowl around his way,
While darkness filled his little soul
With terror and dismay!

The curly head, so often pressed
Against a mother's heart,
To night must take its only rest
In darkness and apart.

The little feet, whose every step
Had found a tender guide,
To-night might tread on thorns or briars,
Where poisoned serpents hide.

Oh! bitter—bitter was the night,
With all its thoughts of pain;
But with the morning's glowing light,
The child was found again,

Sleeping in peace and quietness,
Beside a murmuring stream;
While on his brow an answering glow
Rose from a happy dream.

"My love! my child," the mother said,
While clasped in close caress,
"How could you sleep so peacefully
When none were near to bless?"

"Why, mother, don't you know," he said,
With lips and eyes that smiled,
"God sends his angels down to keep
And bless each little child?"

"I knew that I was tired and lost,
But I was not afraid;
For I had read but yesterday,
'Oh, be not though dismayed.'"

"And when the dark night came adown,
I knew that stay I must;
But God had said such loving words,
What could I do but trust?"

"Oh, child—dear child!" the mother said,
"Thy faith hath shamed me quite;
I taught the lesson, but my babe
Hath felt its power aright."

A NIGHT IN A LOG HOUSE.

MANY years ago Mr. and Mrs. J— went to live out West—somewhere in Ohio. The place then was very different from what it is now: it was thinly settled, and the nearest house to their own was six miles away.

One morning Mr. J—left home on business, intending to return by nightfall. But he was detained; and as night closed in, his wife gave the children their supper and put them to bed. Evening wore on, and still he did not come. A slight noise at the little window made her turn her head; and there, in the darkness, were two great eyes staring into the room.

Terrified as she was, she kept still and soon discerned that the eyes belonged to a huge bear. Now, it is very seldom that wild beasts approach a house. They never do it except when driven by extreme hunger. This was in winter time, and the bear, no doubt, found it hard to get a living.

What could the poor woman do? The strong, hungry animal could easily break the window; but there was one thing that made him hesitate. It was the glowing fire. Wild beasts are much afraid of fire; and it is a custom with hunters, when encamping in a forest, to kindle one for the purpose of keeping them off. This she knew. Her husband had provided her with abundance of wood, close beside the fire-place, and her resolution was quickly made. She piled on the wood and kept up a large fire. There she sat alone the long, anxious night through, while her children slept, for she did not disturb them.

The bear would grow tired of standing on two feet and get down for a few moments; then he would rise up again and put his forepaws on the window.

What a night it was! Mrs. J—'s greatest anxiety was for her husband. She and her children, in the house, were comparatively safe while she kept the fire blazing; but she was every moment expecting her husband, and for him to meet the hungry beast was certain destruction.

Who could help her in this hour of bitter need?

But One.

That One did help. Her husband's business kept him late, and, contrary to his first intention, he yielded to the urging of his friends to remain over night, little dreaming of the providence moving through these circumstances, the hearts of his neighbors and his own thoughts—little dreaming of the fierce danger that waited beside his dwelling. All night the mother's vigil lasted, and when day-dawn was near, the bear turned away, disappointed, and went back to the wood. Her husband returned soon afterward, safe and well.

"Deliver us from evil!" Little had the children thought, that night, how much that prayer was needed!

The mother, watching through those hours of peril, illustrates, as in a picture, the one great Love that watches always over us all. And remember, dear little ones, the love of Christ is a fire that evil spirits dare not approach; and as long as you keep his love in your hearts you are safe.—*Selected.*

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

BY J. P. SMITH, JR.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 11, 13, 13, 12, 3, is a fruit.

My 13, 12, 15, 10, 18, 17, is a river.

My 16, 8, 11, 6, 6, is a metal.

My 2, 15, 18, is an article of wearing apparel.

My 14, 9, 11, 12, 18, 2, is the sound state of a living being.

My 8, 7, 6, 1, is quiet.

My 4, 5, 13, 1, 14, is profundity.

My whole is being studied in most of our schools

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